

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 59

Chapter 59 Chapter 59 “When we love someone, we make it our business to protect them.” Donna Goddard Griffin moved too fast for my eyes to follow his movement. One moment, he was standing near the door, seething.

The next, he'd positioned himself in front of me, growling deep and low in his throat. My heart caught in my throat - I'd heard that growl before. It was the growl I'd heard the day I met him, just moments

before his father's head rolled on the floor. It was the growl of a wolf

protecting his mate.

Every wolf in the room seemed to cower beneath Griffin's raw power — the instructor included. He'd stumbled to the edge of the mat with wide eyes, his hands thrown up in surrender.

“What the hell is going on here?” Griffin's voice boomed across the room. He looked ready to pounce on the instructor. “What were you doing to my mate?”

The instructor looked like he'd just stumbled into a den of vipers. “M- mate?” His eyes flickered over to me, where I was still flat on the mat. If his jaw could've dropped to the floor, I had a feeling it would have. Chapter 59

As soon as he looked over at me, Griffin growled again. “Don't look at her!” The instructor immediately obeyed, his gaze falling to the floor. If I could feel Griffin's raw power as a human, I could only imagine how strong it must've been for the wolves. In the background, several of the young boys continued to whimper and stare with wide eyes — but none of them spoke.

My limbs felt frozen. This felt all too reminiscent of the first day I'd met Griffin.

Am I going to have to stare at the instructor's dead eyes the same way I had to stare at the king's?

That thought alone was enough to spur me into action. Scrambling up, I grabbed one of Griffin's arms. His attention was immediately on me and tried not to falter under his intense stare. Man, he was pissed. His eyes were wild and dark, but he still reached up to entangle his hand with

mine.

“Griffin, it's okay,” I murmured to him, “He wasn't trying to hurt me.”)

Griffin's hand tightened over mine, another rumbling in his chest. “Oh, he wasn't?” He snarled. “I felt your fear through our bond, little fox. I walked in as you were kicking him away from you. If that wasn't his attempt to hurt you, what was it?” His eyes felt like they were burning into mine. No matter how upset he was at the instructor, I had a feeling Griffin was almost as angry at me. Chapter 59

I glanced over at the instructor. He didn't dare make eye contact with Griffin - let alone me ~ but I could tell he was hanging onto every word. He was probably wondering if I was going to sell him out, tell Griffin everything he'd said.

Well, he certainly doesn't have that smug smile on his face now.

Unfortunately, this wasn't really how I planned on making him eat his words.

I swallowed, trying to find an explanation that wouldn't end with the instructor's head on the floor. Finally, I settled on the truth - a watered-down, sugar-coated version of the truth, that is.

“We were just practice sparring,” I finally said, and it took all of my courage to meet Griffin's gaze, “I stumbled upon this room by accident during his class. I got curious, and he offered to show me a few moves. That's all.”

Griffin's eyes slid over to the instructor, whose wide eyes were still stuck to the floor. Even across the mat, I could see his hands trembling. He was scared out of his mind.

“That's it?” Griffin asked me. It felt like his dark eyes were trying to peer into my brain and pluck out the truth.

“That's

Minus all the trash talk about me being human, which caused the fight in Chapter 59

the first place.

Griffin reached his other hand up to cup my jaw, his eyes softening. His fingers fluttered over the sore spot of my jaw that had hit the mat moments ago. “Okay, little fox. If you say so.”

Tlet out a sigh of relief. Thank, God. He bought it. Then his hand left my jaw.

“You, boy in the front,” Griffin suddenly snapped, pointing at Zeke. “You saw this encounter?”

Oh no.

Now that he was the center of Griffin's attention, Zeke looked like he wanted to throw up. The color left his face, and he shakily nodded.

“Tell me what happened,” Griffin said. I tensed beneath Griffin's grip — so much for him buying my explanation.

“S-she accidentally came into our lesson,” Zeke said, stumbling over his words, “A-and the girl -”

“Your Queen,” Griffin cut him off, his voice hard, “She's not ‘the git!’ She is the mate of your King and as such, she is your Queen. You will address her correctly.” Chapter 59

“Y-yes, Your Majesty!” Zeke squeaked, bowing his head. “I'm so sorry, Your Majesties. It won't happen again.”

“Continue.”

“The Q-queen came into our lesson,” Zeke stammered, “And Instructor I-Ivan was not happy with her. She apologized, but he recognized her as h-human.” Zeke continued to recount the entire event one stutter at a time. He didn't leave out a single detail either — from the way the instructor had made fun of humans for being useless to every moment of the actual fight.

Has Zeke not been shaking in his boots throughout the entire explanation, I might've been annoyed at him for ratting me out. However, I knew he was just doing what his King had ordered him to.

Even if it gets his teacher killed.

When he was done, Griffin turned to the instructor, growling lowly. “You've been a worthy warrior and a good teacher to these children, Ivan. But I cannot allow you to disrespect my mate and live.”

Griffin moved in a flash, gripping the instructor's throat until he sputtered. I gasped when I saw he wasn't just choking him ~ his claws were out, digging into the flesh of the instructor's neck.

This guy may be an asshole but he doesn't deserve to die. Not over a fight that I willingly accepted. Chapter 59

I moved without thinking. I crossed the mat (much slower than Griffin had), and I placed my hands on Griffin's arm ~ the one holding the instructor by the throat. “Griffin!” I said, “Please. Please don't kill him.”

Even as he continued to gasp for air, I could see the instructor's eyes widen. He hadn't expected me to fight for his life.

Unfortunately, Griffin barely spared me a glance. “He insulted you, little fox,” he said, “Then he tried to hurt you. Nobody hurts my mate.”

“He didn't know I was your mate,” I countered, tugging on his arm. Not that my strength was any match for Griffin's. “He assumed I was just a regular human living in the castle. And I let him assume that. I never told him differently. And, yes, he was kind of an asshole — but he wouldn't have mouthed off to me if he'd known I was your mate.”

The room was silent except for the sound of the instructor struggling for air beneath Griffin's grip.

“Griffin, please,” I said, “This misunderstanding is my fault...and he's learned his lesson, He doesn't need to die. Spare his life.”

As an afterthought, I added, “For me.”

There was another beat of silence, and I worried that Griffin was just going to let him asphyxiate. And then, to my utter relief, Griffin released him. Chapter 59

The instructor fell to his knees, sputtering and gasping for air. I barely got a glimpse of the claw marks embedded into his neck before Griffin tugged me to his chest, breathing in his scent. “Just for you,” he breathed. It was so quiet that I barely heard it.

“Thank you, Your Majesties,” the instructor whispered, his voice crackly and raw. “Thank you.” He was still clutching at his throat, but with werewolf healing abilities, he seemed to be recovering quickly.

ALL could feel was relief. Assuming Griffin didn't do something impulsive, the instructor was going to live. His head wasn't going to end up on the floor and I counted that as a win in my book. (7)

“My Queen,” the instructor said, and Griffin growled when he addressed me.

Griffin's arms were like steel around me, but I managed to turn around and face the instructor.

“My Queen,” he repeated, looking up at me. There was something intense in his eyes - admiration or respect, I couldn't tell. “You have my undying gratitude. Thank you for sparing my life.” Still on his knees, he bowed until his head was touching the mat. “And my loyalty.”)

As if that wasn't intense enough, every boy in the room followed his lead — getting on their knees and bowing to me. My breath caught in my throat. I'd been called royalty several times now, but it was another thing to watch people literally bow before me. Chapter 59

“Yes, she will have your loyalty,” Griffin's voice cut through the room,

“And you will never disrespect her again.” “Yes, Your Majesty,” the instructor nodded hastily, “Never.” He rose from his knees, rubbing his throat.

“Good,” Griffin nodded, “Perhaps it's time you get back to your lesson, Ivan. You've wasted enough of your students' time acting foolishly.”

Before I could even wrap my head around the last five minutes, Griffin had scooped me up into his arms and begun striding out of the room. He held me to his chest bridal-style and I wound my arms around his

neck.

Although we'd left the training room, I could still feel the tension in the air — Griffin was pissed. When I shifted in his arms, Griffin's furious eyes settled on me. I had to stop myself from cringing. His gaze was always intense, especially when he was mad.

“Let me guess,” I sighed, “This little stunt has earned me a punishment?” ©

Despite how angry he was, a small smirk settled on his face.

“Ivan may have learned his lesson, but it's time you learn yours, little

fox.